

THE CHINESE MANDARIN.

life aits on the shelf by the little blue clock,
And nods his head when it says "tick,
tock,"

For the not a word of English he knows. He's polite from his queue to the tips of his toes.

There's a far-away look in his slanting e dreaming. I wonder, of sunnier Is he dreaming. I wonder, of sail skies,
Of cherry blooms and fragrant tea in a flowery land across the sea?

Of tall bamboos asway in the wind, And a dark-eyed sweetheart left behind Of a golden moon and firefiles' glow. And lanterns hung in branches low?

Ah me! who knows or who can tell What sorrows in his bosom dwell? But a dear, brave-hearted little Chinee is this mandarin quaint from the land of

For he says not a word as he sits and dreams
Of the music of birds and silver streams,
But hiding his grief from the little blue

clock, y nods when it says "tick tock." Smith, in Good Housekeeping.

GAMBLING WITH FATE

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK ther of "The Gold Gienners: A Story the Cynulde Tanks," "Withy's Dan," "Mis Friend the Enemy," "Engurs of Butts," Esc., Esc.

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CHAPTER II .- CONTINUED.

Picking up the weapon, Darrel pressed a spring and turned the barrel down, revealing the cylinder. Six cartridges nestled murderously under

He listened intently. The scratch, scratch of the clerk's pen came to him monotonously.

One by one he extracted the cartridges and then, by means of a sharp pointed steel letter opener he embed ded deeply in each leaden slug the ini-tial "M." To replace the cartridges and return the revolver to its original place by the inkwell took but a moment.

Next, Darrel recovered the pen and continued his writing.

'In the event that Mr. Nathan Darrel, in whose pocketbook this message is placed, should be made a victim of foul play, he respectfully suggests the following for the coroner's considera-

First-The fact that Lester Murgatroyd, has sworn to shoot Nathan Darrel on sight.

Second-The fact that a covert attack has ever been preferred by Lester Murgatroyd to a meeting in the open. Third-The fact that the bullets in Lester Murgatroyd's revolver have been

marked with the letter "M."-Note: The letter "M" might be mistaken for W" and technicalities have more than once saved Murgatroyd. A word to the wise, etc."

Folding the sheet Darrel placed it in a red Morocco purse taken from his breast pocket. Immediately afterwards he got up and passed into the other room.

"Get through?" asked the sallow

"Ves " said Darrel. With a pleasant "good afternoon" he left the office and turned his steps in the direction of one of the two hotels which the town

CHAPTER III.

DARREL'S GAME AT HAWKBILL'S. Properly equipped with a stony disregard for human greed and frailty, any observer could have loitered in Hawkhill's on and after ten p. m. and been certain of exciting entertainment A philosopher of another school might have seen more than enough to point moral and adorn a tale and perhaps have retreated with a discouraged sense of man's inhumanity to man.

Darrel could be indifferent and hard or sympathetic and yielding. Deep in his heart was ever a feeling that attived at another's misfortune and his moods varied with the characters of the players as well as with the play.

He stood close to a table, facing the door and dividing his attention between the fall of the cards and the en who entered. An old, old game familiarly known as "two pluck one" was in progress, wherein a pair of merciless campaigners were taking money from a beardless and rash youth who sat between them.

Cheating, on the part of the gam blers, was constant and flagrant. But the boy had eyes for only his own eards and was playing with absorber and tremulous intensity.

'They'll have headlines on me in the eastern papers." he recklessly averred, "unless I make a big winning to-night."

There's no telling when the luck Il turn," answered one of the gam-biers insinuatingly, "shifting a cut" with lightning quickness. "It's all shance, you know. Up to now I've won, but from this out it may be your

The youth clenched his teeth and whitened, for he had a loser's grudge against a winner's assumed superiorlty. He wagered the last of his money dozen crisp bills marked with a "C" in one corner.

He lost. Rising from the table with the quiet remark, "I'm done, gentlemen," he walked steadily out into the darkness, far beyond the glare of the

ted lamps.

It was the old story of the moth and the flame. Darrel knew it well, but for so well that familiasity bred say-

He was at the youth's back in time to snatch a six-shooter from his conrulsive hand.

"Come, come," he said, as the boy gave a startled cry and turned on him. Where is your manhood, young fel-

"Manhood!" was the bitter response, "ask the red, white and blue chips at Hawkbill's. Give me that, or by-With a plunge he sought to catch the

weapon and tear it from Darrel's grasp. "Softly!" warned the other, clutching his hand. 'If I get your money back for you will you promise never to touch another card so long as you live?"

"Who are you?" gasped the youth.
"My money is gone and I am ruined. How can you get it back for me?"

"Follow me and you will find out. As to who I am, that is beside the question. Have I your promise?"

"Yes; but I should like-" "Here's your revolver. I'd throw it way, if I were you.'

Darrel pushed the weapon into the young man's hand, turned sharply and retraced his steps to Hawkbill's. The two gamblers were still at table.

What Darrel purposed doing called for skill and courage. Both qualities were his and he sought the issue with that airy confidence to which others had often attributed his succes

It was by meddling in a somewhat similar way that he had earned the hatred of Murgatroyd. Yet that had not cured him of the dangerous habit. He had observed the gamblers carefully. One was past middle age and had iron gray hair and beard; the other was but little older than the man they had victimized.

'Well, Sturgis," the younger man was saying as Darrel came up, "if we could find some one else with a roll this night's work would break the rec-

"You're never satisfied. Cliff." returned Sturgis, tossing off the contents of a glass just brought by a waiter. "May I sit in with you, gentlemen?

inquired Darrel, pleasantly, At that moment he looked the unsophisticated and ingenious eastern gentleman, caring nothing for a little



NOW THEN, MY BUCK, I CRIED A VOICE WITH PASSION, "WE'LL SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES MAN

money and desirous only of whiling away the time. As he spoke, he displayed a large roll of bills.

"I had thought of quitting," said Sturgis, shooting a glance at his confederate, "but still, if you want a round. I guess I could accommodate you. Do you want to take a hand?" bler.

"I might," returned Cliff with anparent reluctance. "I'm not having much luck to-night, though."

"Three will make it more interesting," observed Darrel, dropping into a chair that placed him so he could still watch the entrance.

Thereupon the playing began, the youth whose battle Darrel was fighting, approaching the table and watching eagerly. Darrel allowed the two harpies to win enough of his money to give them confidence, then carelessly proposed that they play for a stake consisting of all the money they had about them.

Certain of winning, the other two agreed, and from that moment to the end of the game Darrel showed himself the veteran player he was Sturgts purposely dealt him three aces and himself four queens, the younger man dropped out in feigned despair and Darrel plucked a diamond stud from his shirt and laid it on the heap of gold and silver.

From various parts of the room a general movement of the idly curious had set in towards that particular table, which made it necessary for Darrel to request, in his politest tones, that those between the table and the door should draw aside in order that he might watch for the entrance of "a man he was waiting for.

The request was complied with. Behind his chair Darrel could hear the sharp, tense breathing of the boy.

Sturgis asked how much the diamo stud was worth and, when informed, borrowed \$500 from Hawkbill Henderson, \$200 to meet Darrel's bet and \$300 to "raise" him. Darrel took a nagnificent watch from his vest pocket, the gold case studded with geins.

"I am a stranger here," said he, quietly, "and this is as far as I can go. What have you?"

Sturgis exultantly spread out his four queens. Darrel laid down four kings and an ace. "Take your money," said he, turning

to the boy.

A growl of rage came from Sturgis.

thing but deeper and more consuming | carded two! Hawkbill, I demand the stakes." Henderson, red-faced, bull-ne

and corpulent, swaggered closer.

"This place is on the square," said wheezingly to Darrel, "and if you've juggled the cards the stakes go

Leaning forward with a quick movment, Darrel swept his hand under the edge of the table in front of Sturgis. Sturgis tried to stop the hand, but was not quick enough.

The hand reappeared with a small, nickel-plated contrivance known as a table "hold out." A murmur passed through the crowd.

"Sturgis has been using that all remarked Darrel, coolly. "He cheated that boy out of his money With an imprecation, Sturgis hurled

himself towards Darrel, a gleaming object in his mind. Hawkbill threw himself in the way and ordered Sturgie to keep back.

It was evident that the baffled gambler had friends who would rally to his side and Darrel swent the stakes into his hat, clapped the hat on his head and caught the boy by the arm and hurried him out.

At the hotel the young man's money was returned to him. Tears stood in his eyes as he thanked Darrel and the latter, gruffly bidding him remember his promise, went out into the dark street intent on returning to Hawkbill's and waiting for Murgatroyd.

CHAPTER IV. DARREL'S ENCOUNTER WITH STURGIS

As time mellows the perspective of past events, so it blurs and modifies the characters of those who made them. Much of the glory of Anaconda has departed and Sandy Bar has gone the way of the "played out" mining camp, yet tradition deals generously with the exploits of Nate Darrel-often too generously.

The strange features of his feud with Murgatroyd were sufficiently incredible in cold truth; and when the outline of the facts faded with a lapse of years, imagination was drawn upon to sharpen the reminiscences. The added material was not always to Darrel's credit.

Yet no one who now remembers Darrel will ever tell you that he tried to be anything but a gentleman. If the part was beyond him, it was solely the fault of his unfortunate vocation.

In any other walk of life his sterling qualities of mind and heart would have claimed their tribute of respect and so cial position. A man who believed that his fate was of his own making could hardly bave been ignorant of this; but passion for play was too deeply in-grained in his nature. The notoriety he had courted and won, in any other profession would have been the millstone that pulled him under.

The recovery of the boy's money aptly illustrates Darrel's character. He could not see anything wrong in turning the tables on the blacklegs and it was a pleasure for him to be

He played an "honorable" game; and he considered it honorable to worst a couple of sharpers at their own tac-

As he made his way back along the straggling street toward Hawkbill Henderson's he was warily watchful. Recent events had taken his attention somewhat from his main purpose in coming to Sandy Bar and the murderous Murgatroyd might be lurking anywhere in the shadows or dogging hi steps.

The wheezy tones of fiddles, guitars and a bass-viol, accompanied by hoarse shouts, laughter and a fall of dancing feet echoed from a building across the way. Other buildings along the street were aglare with light and rife with a clink of glasses, a rattle of poker chips and boisterous cries of drinkers and players.

There were few on the street at that moment and Darrel passed rapidly on in the direction of the gambling place. Abruptly a form hurled itself, across his path from a dark space between two shanties on his left.

Instantly a revolver was in his hand 'Now then, my buck," cried a voice sharp with passion, "we'll settle our differences man to man.

"We have no differences to settle Sturgis," returned Darrel, relieved and not a little surprised. He was looking for Murgatroyd, not Sturgis. The gambler was in a blind, unres

soning fury. In the light of later events it was patent that Darrel had set a trap for him and beaten him and his confederate at their own game. When a man like Sturgis has such

a grievance there is but one way in which the score can be settled. Sturgis was fiercely determined and Darrel was quick to comprehend his peril. A flaring lamp in front of the dance hall opposite cast a dim light over the scene. The field was clear for the en-

counter, no one being abroad in the street apart from the two concerned. Rigidly erect the two men stood, revolvers' ready and swinging at their ides, their eyes alert and watching catlike each other's slightest move-

else you're-Nate Darrel of 'Frisco," said Sturgis, between his teeth. "No man could play the game you did without being one or the other. It was Darrel's discard you threw into the deadwood, and you sat between Cliff and me and helped yourself to just

what you wanted out of the pack. Darrel laughed a little at that. It wasn't the first time his phenomenal skill had led a gambler to confound him with the arch fiend.

"You're a bungler, Sturgis," said be. "and have yet to learn the first rudiments of your profession. I have taught you a lesson and if you want to live long enough to profit by it you'll put that gun in your pocket and take

An exasperated cry fell from Sturgis' lips. Recklessly he threw himself forward, raising the six-shooter to level with his eyes.

There was no blood on Nate Darrel's hands. In his whole career he had never found it necessary to protect his

life by taking another's. His ready wit and his wonderful strength—which his slight form in a manner belied-had times out of mind been his bulwarks of self-defense. He had a horror of bloodshed and carried a revolver in humble demonstration of the theory that leads great nations to build great navies—hoping to make the arbitrament of war still more remote. By coming to Sandy Bar in quest of

Murgatroyd he had faced an issue at direct variance with his inclinations. He was well aware that fatalities were almost certain to result; if he were the victim, no aching void would be left in the world, while if Murgatroyd fell the cause of humanity would be

But he wanted no exchange of shots with Sturgis. He had threatened but it was with the forlorn hope of avoid-

ing a clash. As the irate blackleg plunged forward. Darrel threw himself to one side. At that precise moment a shot rang out from some point at Darrel's rear, a bullet fanned his cheek and Sturgis, with an agonized cry, tossed his hands in the air, reeled and fell face downward on the sidewalk.

Darrel was stunned by the suddenhad whirled to look back up the street, but saw no one. Then he did the worst thing possible for himself by hastening to the prostrate form and

The shot and the tortured cry of the dying man had aroused the people. From the dance hall they came on a run, and from Hawkbill's and other resorts a half-drunken mob charged

Darrel was found standing over Sturgis revolver in hand. Sturgis was dead and the habitues of Hawkbill's knew that Sturgis and Darrel had

Only one inference was possible. Darrel drew it as quickly as those around him.

"Where's the marshal?" he asked,

His hand tightened a little on the revolver and he retreated slowly until his back was against the wall of the nearest building, the half circle of

threatening faces in front. Cliff, savagely. "Jack Sturgis is dead and you're the one that killed him. Do we need the marshal, boys?"

He appealed to the crowd. A snarling negative passed through the ranks of the crowd and the half circle be-

(To Be Continued.)

RUFUS CHOATE'S ADVICE.

Cholorie Client Concluded to Follow It and There Was No Further Trouble.

It seems always to have lain within the power of the distinguished lawyer and humorist. Rufus Choate, to lead a choleric client from ways of anger into the paths of peace. Just before the war a southern gentleman was dining with a friend in one of the best hotels of Boston. He was of French creole extraction, and his name was Delacour, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine The waiter was a colored man, and the southerner gave his orders in a very domineering fashion. finding fault freely with what was put before him and the way in which it was served. Finally the waiter became incensed and told Mr. Delacour to go to a place warm and remote. The latter sprang furiously to his feet and would have shot the offender dead if he had not been restrained by his

wiser friend, who said: "You can't do that sort of thing bere. You will have to remember

where you are." "Po you suppose that I am going to put up with such insolence and not be revenged?" said the enraged man. "Certainly not. But do it by pro

cess of law." The landlord was first interviewed and the walter discharged. That was not sufficient to satisfy the wounded feelings of Mr. Delacour. He asked who was the best lawyer in the city, and was told it was Rufus Choate. Making his way to his office, he said: "Mr. Choate, I want to engage you in a case. What will your retaining

"About \$50." The check was made out and handed

He was told. Said Mr. Choate,

"Now" said the lawyer, "what are the facts of the case?

thoughtfully: "I know the United States law on the subject well, and I know the law of the commonwealth of Massachu setts, and I can assure you, sir, that there is no power on earth strong enough to force you to go to that place if you don't want to go. And

if I were you I wouldn't." "Well," said the southerner, accep ing the situation, "I think I'll take your advice," and they parted good

Unfavorable Impressions Once upon a time a man, who wa traversing the public highway, saw an automobile approaching him, and stood, intending to speak to the rider if he knew him; but when he saw that he was a stranger, he started on his way, though not quickly enough to get out of the way of the machine, which struck him, bruising him quite

severely. Moral-Strangers sometimes strike unfavorably.-N. Y. Herald.

letion of five years of residence upon the tract. Decrease of Nine Pensioners. The rolls for the Topeka pension igency show a decrease of just nine nsioners over the previous year, ac cording to the annual report just issued by Pension Agent Metcalf. The number of pensioners on the roll at

run with fewer employes than any other in proportion to the work done.

frunncy Law and Parochial Schools The authorities of Osborne county have asked whether the truancy law applies to parochial schools and if a ruancy officer can go into such a school to determine whether it complies with the state law. The attor-ney general holds that where a parochial school teaches about all the branches taught in the public schools that it will be considered a regular school for truancy purposes.

\$250,000 for Trackage.

The Rock Island railroad has perfected plans for the expenditure of \$250,000 in its Armourdale yards. At present the trackage there amounts to about 12 miles, but when the improvements are made, the total track room | G. A. R. National Encampment, Bosin Armourdale will be 36 miles, or three times as much as it is at pres-

"Squeezing" Process Begins.

The Standard Oil company is accused of "squeezing" Kansas producers. Besides decreasing the price of crude ofl more than 40 cents a barrel within the past three months it is now waging a relentless war upon the Webster independent refinery at Humboldt, its only competitor in the Kansas field.

Minor State News.

Work has commenced on the electric railroad from Olathe to Burlingame. Mrs. F. H. Burnett, of Benedict committed suicide by tying two bricks to her neck and jumping into a cis-

Several republican editors of First district will meet at Holton July 29 to further a plan to fight Congressman Curtis.

Railway lines crossing the Kaw river may decide to raise their bridges without recourse to law, threatened by Wyandotte county. An Atwood girl had her arm broker

she gets out of helping her mother seed 100 quarts of cherries Edgar B. Pfost, president of the Ancient Order of Pyramids, is accused of

by being thrown from a mule. But

criminal assault by Mrs. Catherine Van de Cruyseen, of Wyandotte. Henry Clemens, of Empire City, was the recipient of a severe beating with a rawhide whip in the hands of

Mart Rowden, marshal of that city. Clemmens, it is said, insulted the 15year-old daughter of Rowden. The republican state headquarters building at Topeks was formally dedieated Thursday evening. Speeches were made by E. W. Hoch and Congressmen Curtis, Campbell, Miller Calderhead, Reeder, Murdock and

Scott. This year will not be a good one fo hunters, as there will be few rabbits and few quail. The incessant rains and floods through this region have drowned out all the rabbits and have killed the young quail which had not

the power to fiv. A Beloit mechanic fixed up the farm ers' headers by placing about 40 iron rods underneath the sickle in such a way that it lifted and straightened out the wheat blown down by the storm About 80 per cent. was saved in this way that otherwise would not have

been worth cutting. At the recent quarterly meeting of the board of commissioners of Greenwood county there was \$292 allowed as bounty for wolf scalps for the pas three months. The bounties are for gray wolf scalps and \$1 each for the red wolf. The total number of scalps brought in was about 200.

The report of the state bank com missioner shows that Kansas banks have on deposit \$104,000,000. The report of the assessors show \$4,000,000 of cash ready for taxation in Kansas The latter statement, also, is sworn to And still Kansas contributes large sums annually to Christianize the heathen in foreign lands.-Ottawa Herald.

Rev. A. Scott Bledsoe, of Topeka president of the Kansas Spiritualists association, is being sued for divorce by his wife, who also brings suit against Mrs. Etta L. Seaman for \$20,-000 for alienating Rev. Bledsoe's affec-

Wyandotte county has brought legal action against the Union Pacific railroad to compel it to raise its Kaw river bridges and remove obstructions from the channel. J. L. Bristow, "headsman" of the

an speeches.

In one of the big One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street beer gardens a brass band was playing what purported to be a Wagnerian selection with positively deafening effect, relates the New York Times. The good-natured people around the tables had wisely abandoned all effort at conversation. Not so with one woman, a shrewish-looking person, who was leaning over a table shaking her finger at her husband and doing her best to make him hear the abuse that she was evidently hurling at him. Suddenly, with one grand, blare, the music stopped, and the woman's voice, pitched in a veritable scream, was heard:

"You bald-headed, sour-faced idiot, I'll—" Checked by her own strident tones she looked about her in consternation. Not so the husband. He was calloused to abuse. Picking up his stein he looked at his wife and growled:

"Shu up till the band starts again."

and growled:
"Shut up till the band starts again."

SCOLDING SET TO MUSIC.

And It Took the Wagnerian Brand to

Do the Jawing Full

Proved Beyond a Doubt. Middlesex, N. Y., July 25.—(Special)—
That Rheumatism can be cured has been proved beyond a doubt by Mrs. Betsey A. Clawson, well known here. That Mrs. Clawson had Rheumatism and had it bad all her acquaintances know. They also know she is now cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it. Mrs. Clawson tells the story of here cure as follows:

Fills did it. Mrs. Clawson tells the story of her cure as follows:

"I was an invalid for most five years caused by Inflammatory Rheumatism, helpless two-thirds of the time. The first year I could not do as much as a baby could do; then I railied a little bit and then a relapse. Then a year ago the gout set in my hands and feet. I suffered untold agony and in August, 1903, when my husband died I could not ride to the grave.

husband died I could not ride to the grave.

"I only took two boxes of Dodd's Ridney Pills and in two weeks I could wait on myself and saw my own wood. I dug my own potatoes and gathered my own garden fast fall. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills put the Kidneys in shape to take all the uric acid out of the blood.

Got It Good

ton, August 15-20, 1904.

Very low rates via the Nickel Plate Road. A splendid opportunity to visit Boston and its many historical points of interest. Elegant Dining and Sleeping Cars affording every accommodation. Meals affording every accommodation. Meals served on the Individual Club Plan, also "a la carte" service. Coffee and sandwiches served to passengers in their seats without extra expense. Stop off at Chautauqua Lake and Niagara Falls will be allowed on yeturn trin owed on return trip.

Overdid It.

Hewson-That man Scalper has a natural bent toward speculation.

Hume—Yes, and the last time he bent too far and went broke.—Town Topics.

All Aboard for Boston G. A. R. National Encampment,

tional Encampment,
Aug 15-20 via the Nickel Plate Road, Tickets
on sale Aug, 12th, 18th and 14th, '04. Liberal
return limit. Stop off at Niagara Falls and
Chautauqua Lake. A special G. A. R. train
will leave Chicago 8:00 a. m. Aug. 18th. For
rates, reservations in sleeping cars, etc..call
on local agent or address J. Y. Calahan,
General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, ill.

to duels is not particularly falser than the national sense of honor which leads to wars.

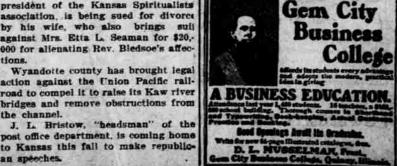
—Puck.

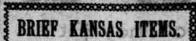


Miss Nellie Holmes, treasurer of the Young Woman's Temperance Association of Ruffalo, N.Y., strongly advises all suffering women to rely, as she did, upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege. table Compound. "DEAR MES. PINKHAM: - Your med

being is indeed an ideal woman's medi-cine, and by far the best I know to restore lost health and strength. I cine, and by far the best I know to restore lost health and strength. I suffered misery for several years, being troubled with menerrhagia. My back ached, I had bearing down pains and frequent headaches. I would often wake from restful sleep, and in such pain that I suffered for hours before I could go to sleep again. I dreaded the long nights as much as the weary days. I consulted two different physicians, hoping to get relief but finding that their medicine did not seem to cure me. I tried your Vegetable Compound on the recommendation of a friend from the East who was visiting me.

"I am glad that I followed her advice, for every ache and pain is gone, and not only this, but my general health is much improved. I have a fine appetite and have gained in fiesh. My earnest advice to suffering women is to put aside all other medicines and to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Miss NELLIE HOLMES, 540 No. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.—5200 forfeit if original of abbe letter propage commences cannot be produced.





Desirable Land to Homestead. The belief that all of the desirable omestead land in Kansas has been aken up by settlers is dissipated by report from the receiver of the land he effect that at the end of the fiscal rear, June 30, 1904, the Dodge City and office finds that It has yet more han 600,000 acres of government comestead land. This land is subject o settlement under the usual condiions, the homesteader becoming the absolute owner of 160 acres upon com-

he present time is 115,620 against 115,-529 last year. The amount paid out by the Topeka agency for the year aggregated \$16,294,221.72. This is the largest agency in the United States and is

ness of the tragedy. In a second he

making an examination. Sturgis was already dead. The bullet had penetrated his heart and a stream of blood flowed from the wound and formed a pool beneath him.

for the scene.

quarreled at cards.

his voice perfectly steady.

"We don't need the marshal," said

gan to contract.